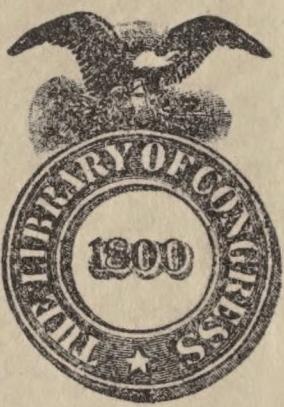


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JANE

AND HER FRIENDS.





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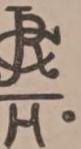
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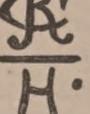
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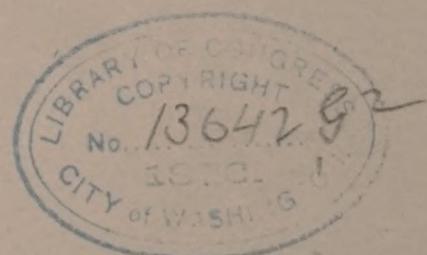
JANETTE

AND HER FRIENDS

BY 

DESIGNS BY  AND R.E.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW-YORK.



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TO

JANET AND WYNNIE,

FOR WHOM IT WAS WRITTEN,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

JANET AND HER FRIENDS.



COME here, Janet; bring your little chair, and sit by me. How old are you? Almost three years old. Now that you are three years old, you must begin to learn something.

See what a pretty alphabet I have bought you! Now begin.



A a
ass



B b
bath



C c
clock



D d
doll



E e
eyes



F f
fairy



G g
grapes



H h
hat



I i
Indian



J j
journal



K k

kaleidoscope



L l

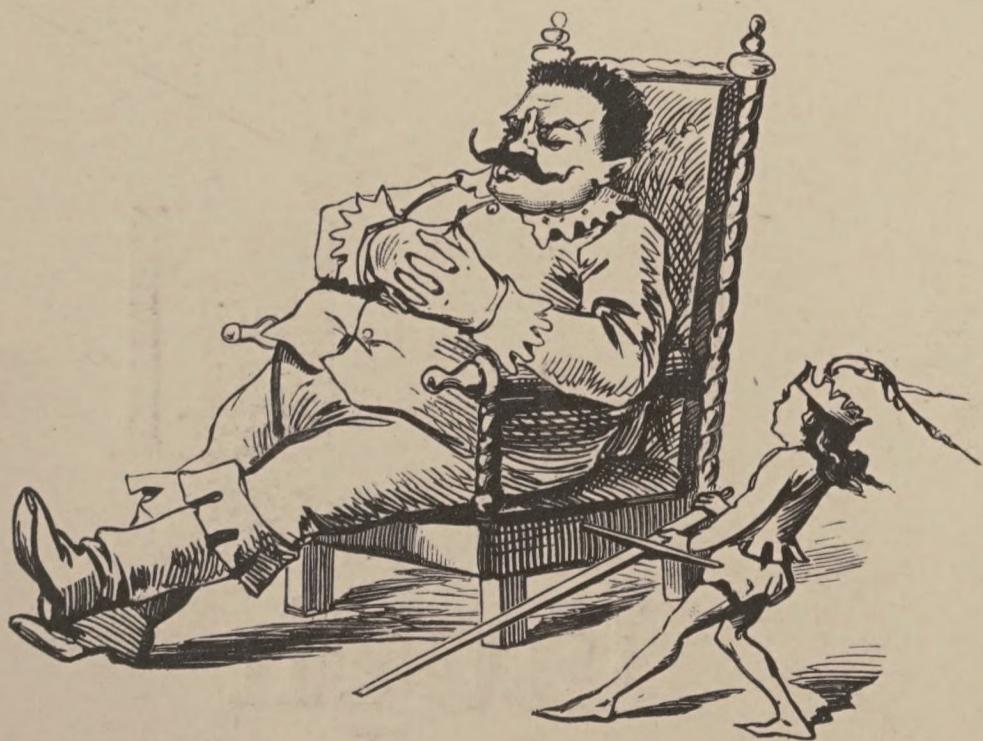
laugh



M m
monkey



N n
nest



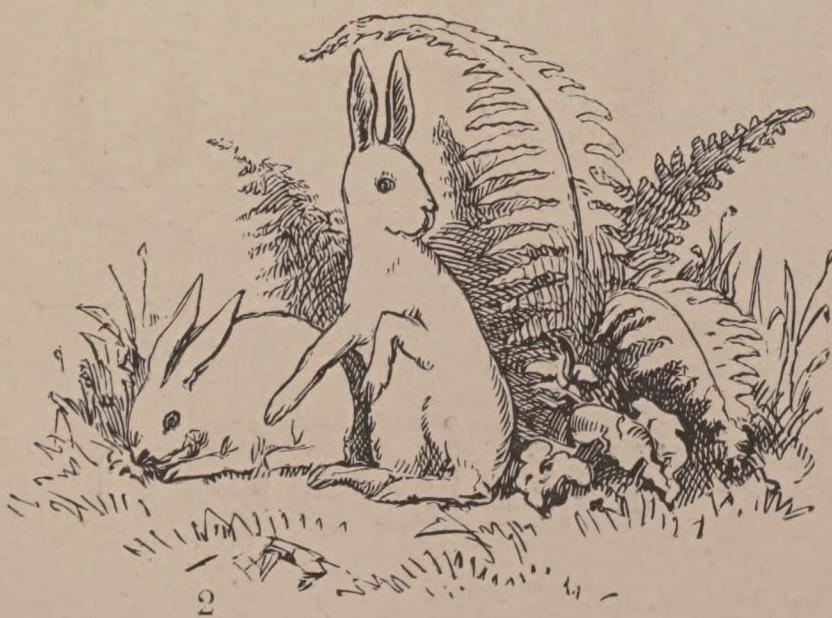
O o
ogre



P p
play



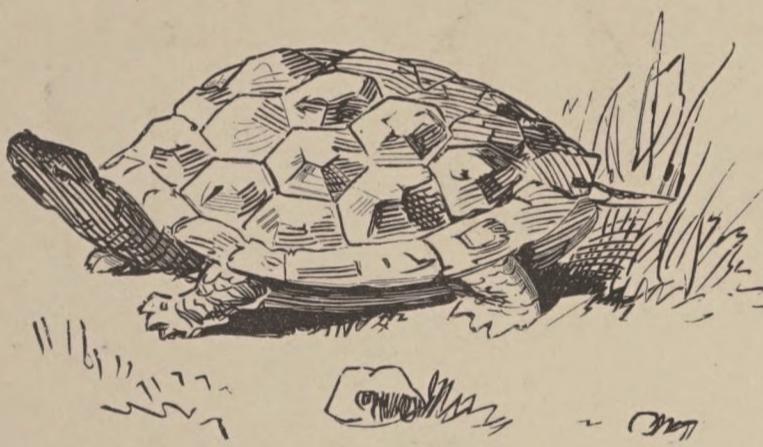
Q q
queen



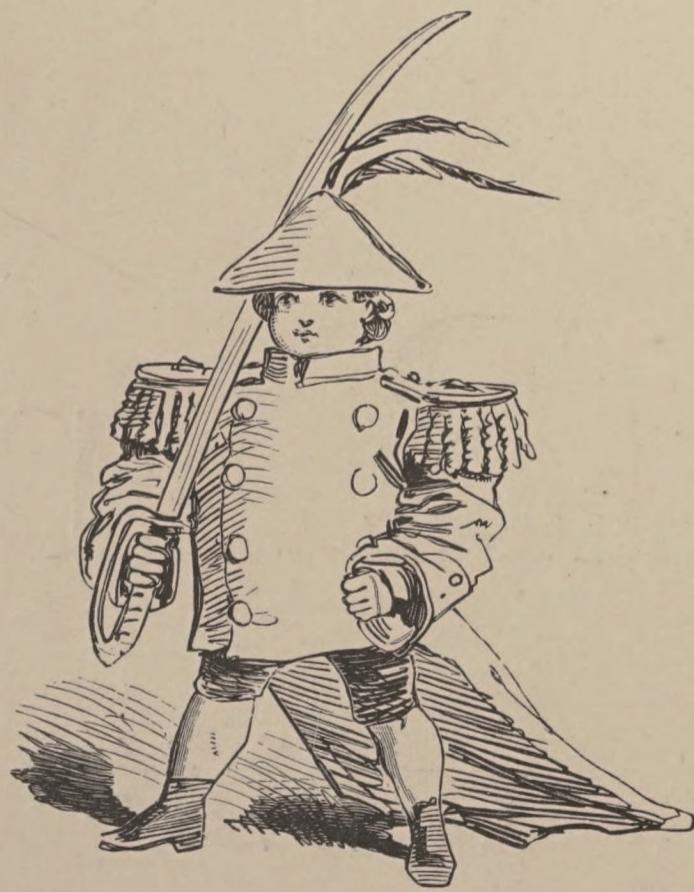
R r
rabbit



S s
sheep



T t
turtle

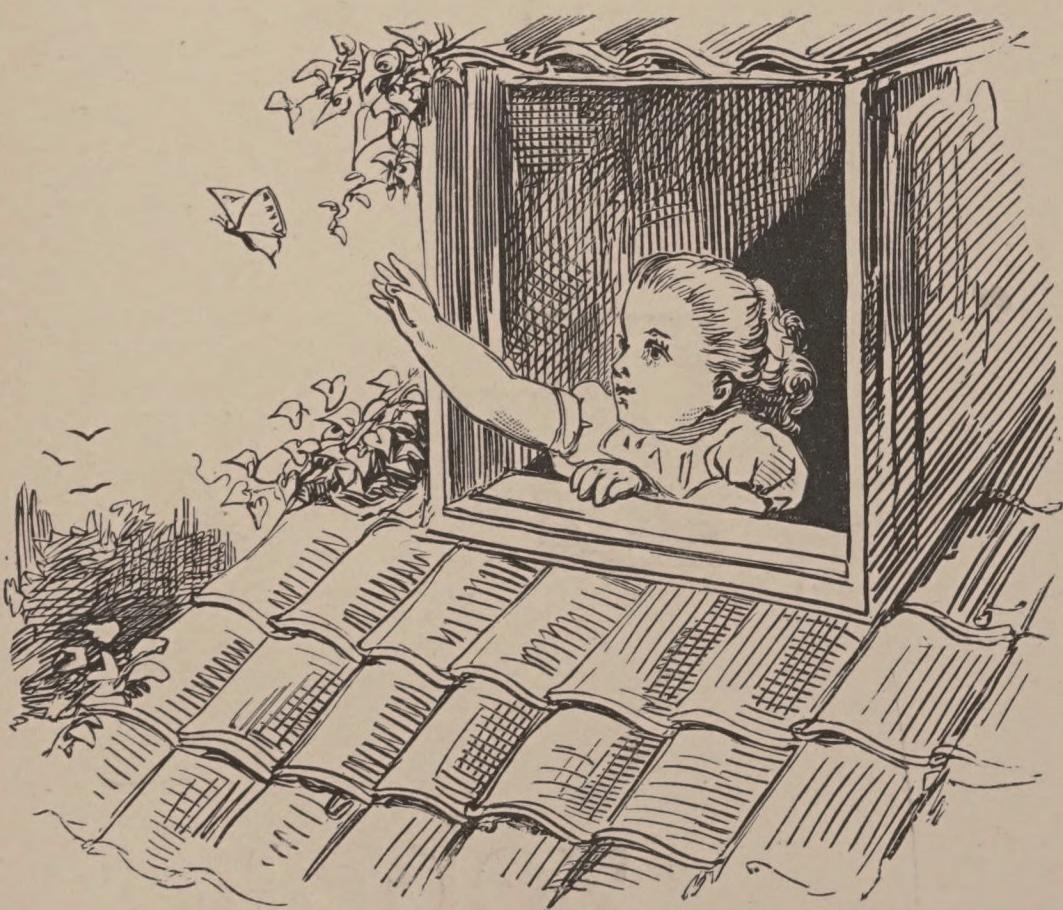


U u
uniform



V V

violin



W W

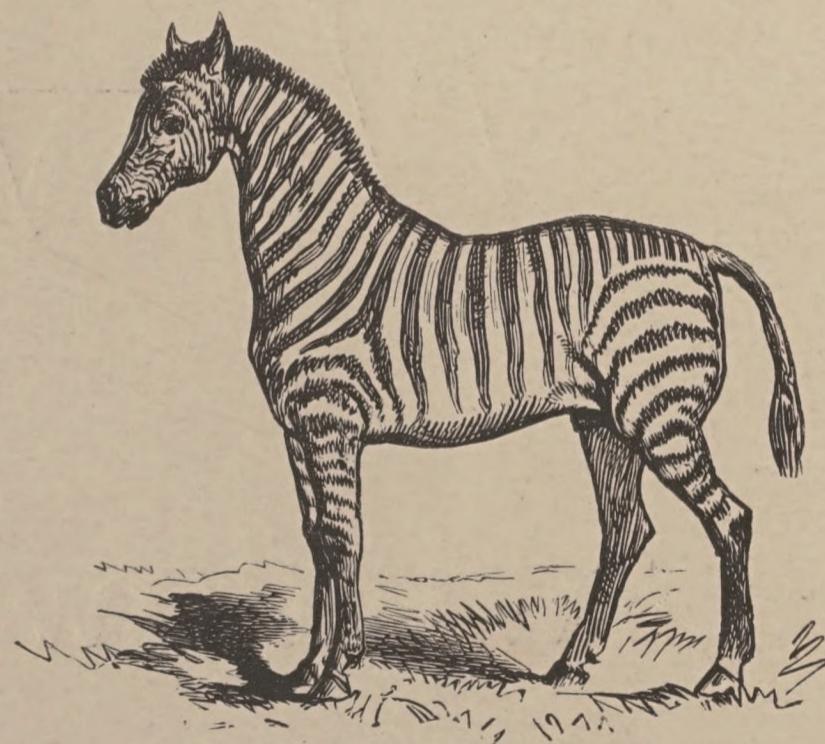
window



X X

Y y

yacht



Z Z

zebra

Now, you may go and play. Where is Puss? She is asleep in the corner. Open your eyes, Puss. Do not be lazy. Do not frighten Puss with your ball. A good child is always kind and gentle to animals. Mamma, tell me a story. You must listen, too, Puss. Mamma, she will not be quiet; she is a foolish cat. Never mind the cat, Janet. Come and sit upon my knee, and I will tell you the story of



THREE BEARS.

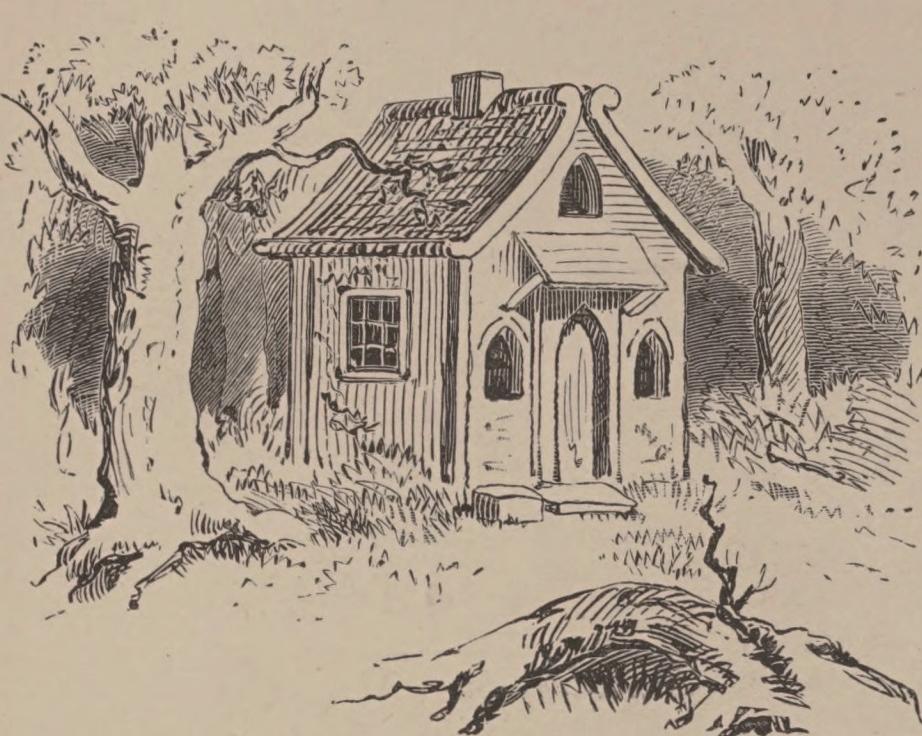
There was once a little girl who lived a long, long way from here. She was called little Silver-Hair, because she had very fair, shining locks. This little girl was so very mischievous that her mother could do nothing with her. One day, when she had been told not to go out-of-doors, she ran off into the woods to

pick wild flowers, and chase butterflies from flower to flower. She soon found herself deep in the woods. Suddenly, what should she see, but a pretty little house,



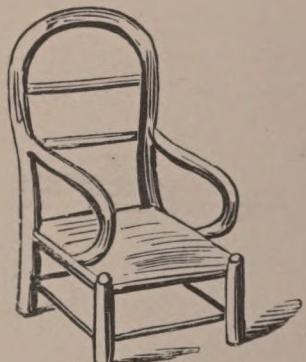
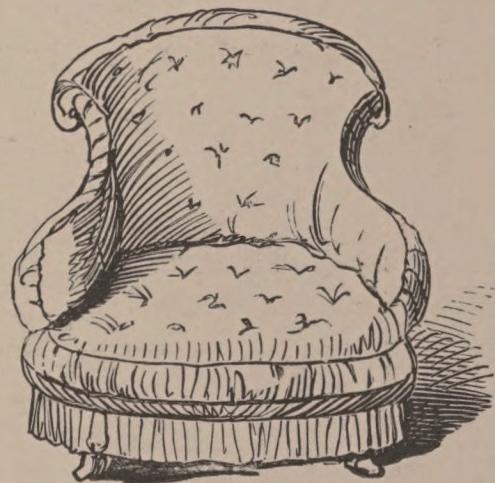
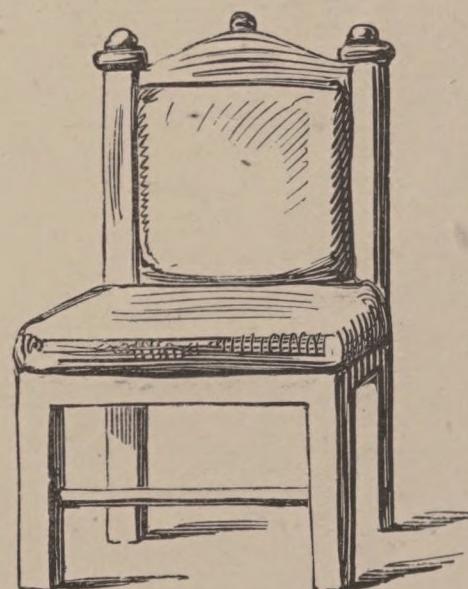
in among the trees! The door stood ajar. Silver-hair just peeped in at the window, and, seeing no one, she thought she would go in. This little

house belonged to a family of three bears. There was a great huge bear, he was the Papa. There was a



middle-sized bear, she was the Mamma. She was called Mamma Muff, because she had such thick fur. There was a little wee bear, and he was the baby. The little

house was empty, because the bears were taking a walk in the woods, to give themselves an appetite for some very good porridge that was cooling on the table. Silver-hair was tired



from running so far, and so she was very glad when she saw three chairs in the room as she went in at the door. There was a great chair for the great huge



bear, made of wood; then there was one rather smaller; and the third was a dear little chair, which was on purpose for the little wee bear. First Silver-hair tried the

great bear's chair, but that was too hard for her; then she tried Mamma Muff's chair, but that was too soft for her; and then she tried the little wee bear's chair, and that was just right. So she sat down, when, crash! down she came, for the bottom of the chair came out. Up jumped Silver-hair, very much frightened, and was just about running away, when she saw three bowls of porridge which stood on the table. Then she thought, "I am very hungry, indeed." First, there was a large, black bowl of porridge, and that was the Papa bear's; then there was a smaller white bowl, and that was Mamma Muff's; and then there was a dear little blue bowl, and that was the baby bear's. In each bowl



there was a wooden spoon. It did not take naughty little Silver-hair long to make up her mind what she would do. First, she looked to see that no one was coming, and then she tasted the porridge of Papa Bear, but it was too hot for her, and burned her mouth; then she tasted Mamma Muff's porridge, but it was quite too salt for her; then she tasted the baby bear's porridge, and that was just right; so she tasted, until she left nothing but the bowl for the bear, who was soon beggaring Mamma to go home to breakfast, because he was so very hungry. Then Silver-hair thought she would go up the stairs, and see what she could see. She went up, and there she found a dear little bedroom, where there were three beds alongside of each other. The larger one was the papa bear's bed; the next was Mamma Muff's; and the little wee bed, with white curtains, was for the baby bear. Silver-hair felt rather tired, so she thought she



would take a little nap. First, she climbed up on the big bed, but that was too hard for her; then she tried Mamma Muff's bed, and that she did not like; but when she tried the little wee bear's bed, it was just right, and she laid herself down, and fell fast asleep. While she



was there asleep, in came the three bears, very hungry for their breakfast. The papa bear cried in his great, rough voice, "Who has been at my porridge?" Then



Mamma Muff cried out, in a very angry tone, "Who has been touching my porridge?" But when the poor little wee bear saw his empty bowl, he put his little paw in his mouth, because he was so hungry, and cried in his sharp little voice, "Who has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up?" Then the papa bear said, in his

great, rough, gruff voice, "Who has been sitting in my chair?" and Mamma Muff growled, "Who has been sitting in my chair?" But when the poor little wee bear found out that his pretty little chair was all broken, he began to cry, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out!" Then they were quite sure that some one was in their house, and they went up-stairs to search. They were all growling and sniffing in a very bad humor. First, the papa bear cried out, in his rough, gruff voice, "Who has been on my bed?" then Mamma Muff said, "Who has been on my bed?" and then the poor little wee bear cried out, "Somebody has been in my bed, and here she is!" All this while little Silver-hair had been sleeping, but the voice of the little bear woke her up, and she began to rub her eyes, and wonder where she was. When she saw that there were three angry bears in the room with her, she was very much afraid, and she threw herself out of the bed, and ran across the room, and jumped out of the window, and rolled over and over on the soft grass. When she picked herself up, she saw the three angry bears looking at her out of the window; so she ran, and ran, half dead with fright, until she got home to her mother. Ever after that she was very careful to mind her mamma, never to go anywhere where she had no business, and never to touch what did not belong to her.



A, B, C,
Here go we !
Through the deep, deep snow
Our sled will go.

Tom shall pull, and we will ride,
With Pussy-cat-mew just by our side ;
It is fun for us, but not for her—
She would rather sit by the fire and purr.



“Mamma, see how tall I am!”

“Oh, yes, you are very tall now; but, if those books slip, Master Bertie will have a sad tumble, and will not be so very tall.”

“Mamma, if I were a giant, I would carry Susy off, and put her in a cage.”

“What would you do then?”

“Perhaps I would eat her.”

Susy. “Oh! oh!”

“But you see, Susy, you are so fat, you would make such a good dinner for a giant. I do not think I would like to eat you myself. I would keep you in the cave, and play with you when I was at home. Mamma, if I were a giant, should I be taller than I am now, when I am up on these books?”

“Oh, yes, you would be much larger; you would have an enormous mouth, and fierce eyes, and you would be very ugly.”

“I suppose you would not love me, if I were a giant, mamma?”

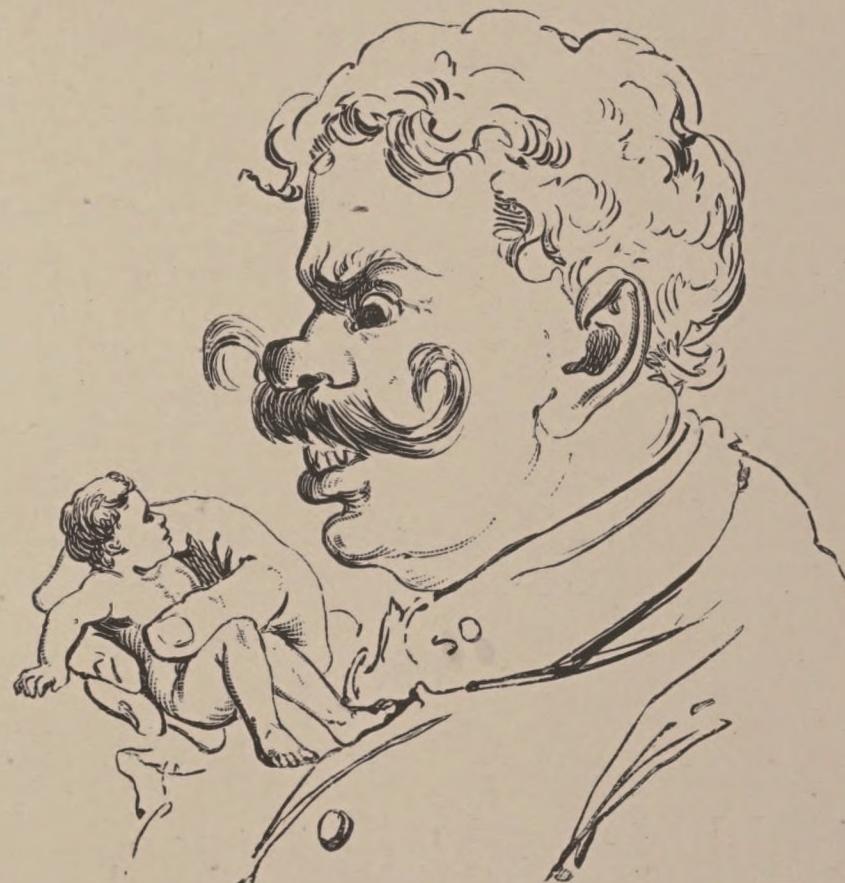
“No, indeed, I would not; I would be too much afraid of you. Susy would be afraid of you, too, and so would every one else.”

“Papa would not surely be afraid of me?”

“No, because papa is a man, and men are not afraid; but he would not love you at all.”

"Then, I do not think I will be a giant."

"No, you had better stay as you are, mamma's own little Bertie, and then we will all love you, and, instead of eating Susy, you shall have a good dinner of mutton-chops, and potatoes, and pudding. Your dinner must be ready now, for here is nurse come to fetch you.



There was a great giant, and what do you think?
He'd eat up a baby as quick as a wink;
He'd make several bites of a tough little boy,
But the sweet little girls he would swallow with joy.



Goose, Gobble, and Ganderee,
They all are coming to march with me.
When my trumpet I sound,
We go over the ground,
Like a file of soldiers marching around.



Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is under the green-wood tree,
Shaking down a dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The fair moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Our Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep !



Sleep, baby, sleep !
And cry not like a sheep ;
Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Away ! and tend the sheep ;
Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep !



THE SLEEPING APPLE.

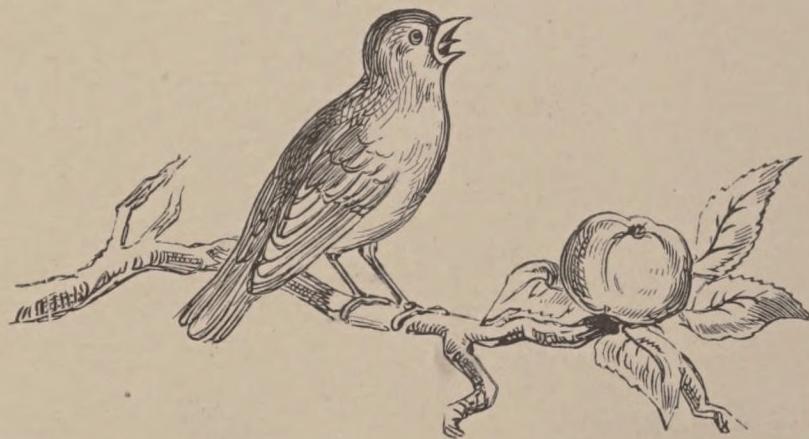
Under an apple-tree, one day,
A child was busy with his play,
When, looking up, with eager eyes,
A rosy apple he espies.

Soft resting on a tuft of leaves,
'Tis out of reach; for that he grieves.
"How fair it is! its cheeks are red;
I'm sure it is asleep," he said.

And then he shouted to the tree:
“Wake up, dear apple, come to me;
Your rosy cheek I long to kiss—
Wake up, you don’t know what you miss.”

The sun was sailing through the skies,
And shining down into his eyes.
The child looked up—“Dear sun,” quoth he,
“Do wake this apple up for me.”

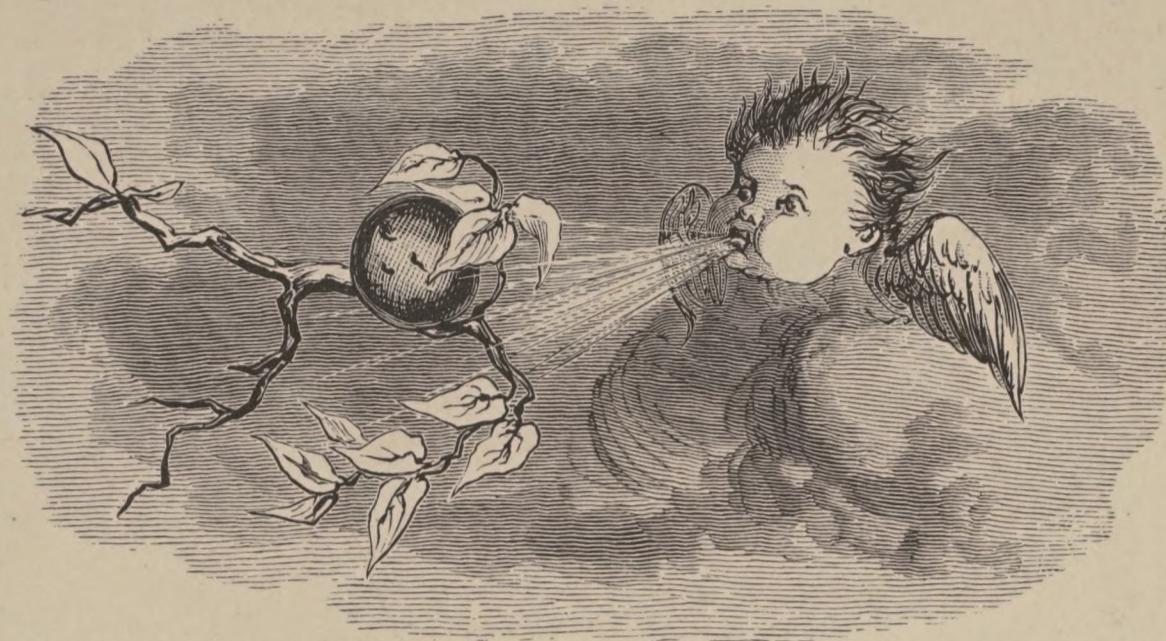
The sun poured down his shining rays,
Till all the tree was in a blaze;
The apple glowed a rosier red,
But still slept on, high overhead.



A bird came darting through the air:
The baby saw, and called him there.
“Come, bird, and sing a pretty song;
This apple must not sleep so long.”

The bird then swelled his little throat,
And trilled a loud and piercing note;

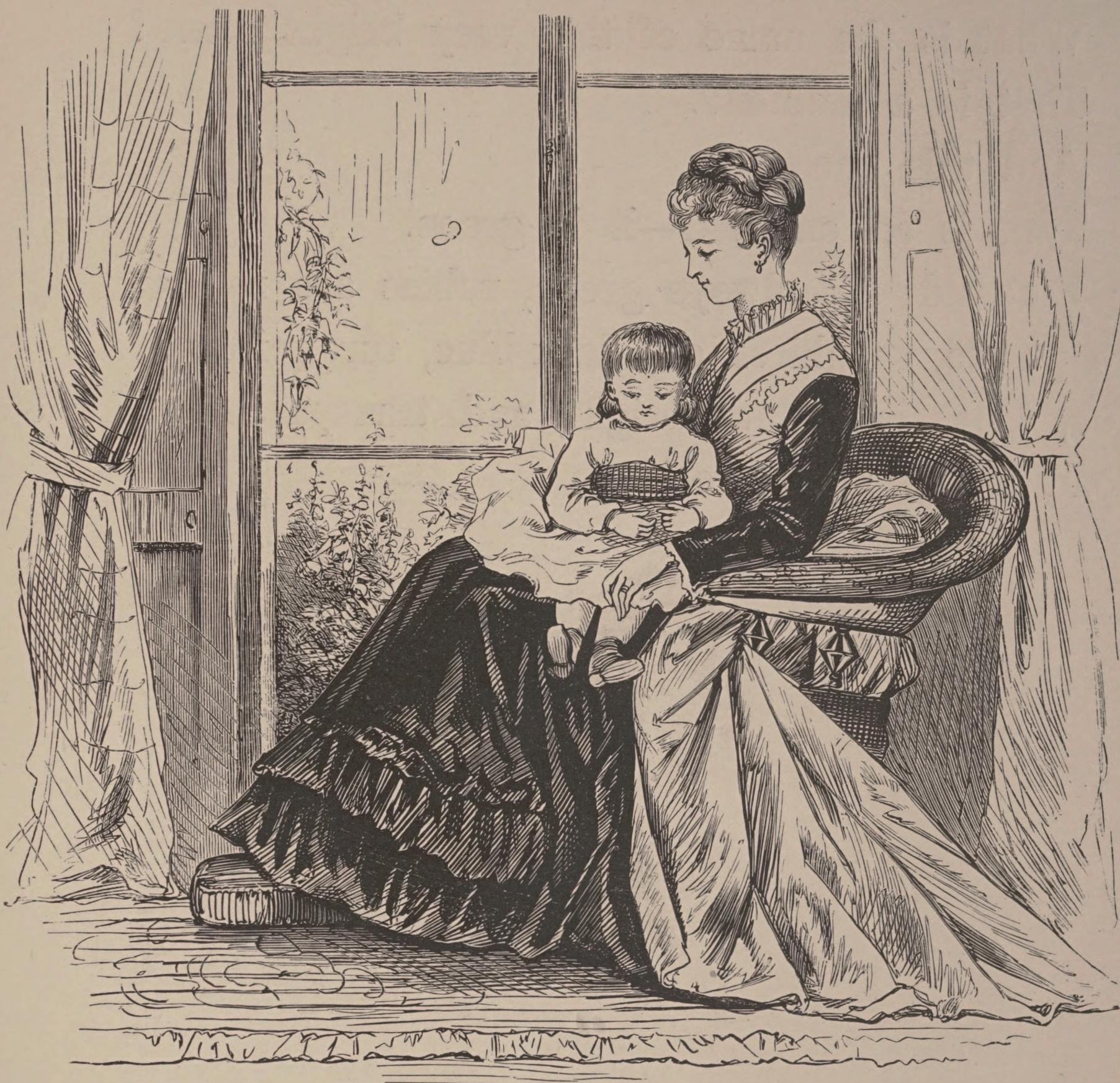
His song rang loudly through the grove,
But still the apple did not move.



Just then the wind came rushing by,
To wake the fruit he thought he'd try;
He blew a long and steady blast,
And woke the apple up at last.



From the bough, falling through the air,
The apple reached the baby fair,
Who, seizing it with great delight,
Kissed its red cheek with all his might.



Marion, how many fingers have you? Let us count them: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Show me which are the thumbs.

That is right.

Mamma, let me play with your rings.

What is the name of this very bright stone?

That is a diamond.

And this one?

That is an emerald—it is green.

Emeralds are always green, rubies are red, amethysts are purple, sapphires are dark-blue, turquoises are light-blue, topaz is yellow, bright, and transparent. The diamond is the most precious.



It is this little finger,

And this little thumb,

Which puts in your mouth

A sweet sugar-plum.



1 2 3

One, Two, Three,

Come to the woods with me.

4 5 6

Four, Five, Six,
We'll knock down cherries
with sticks.

7 8 9

Seven, Eight, Nine,
To fill this new basket of
mine.

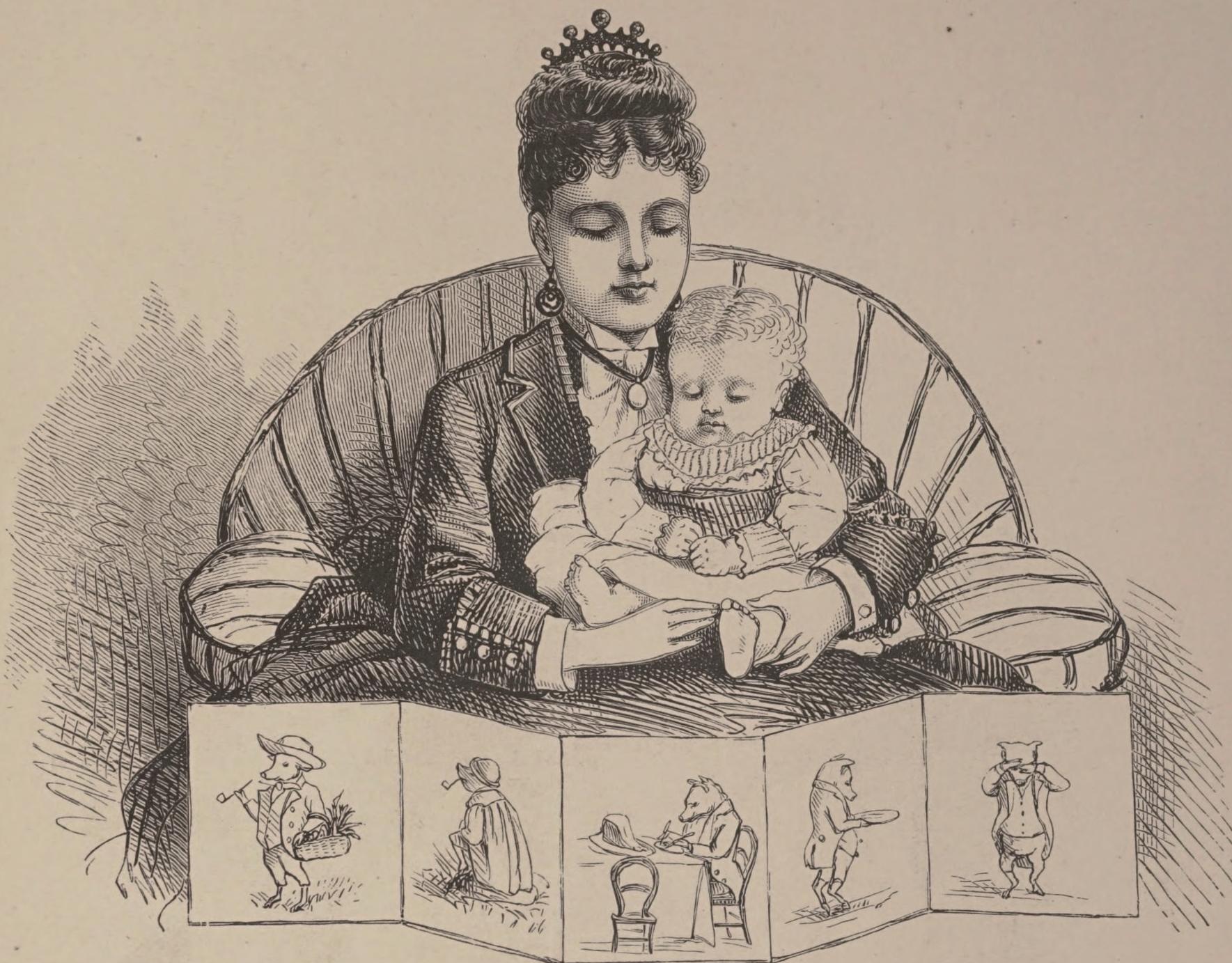


10 11 12

Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
We'll all be as happy as
elves.



To Boston, to Boston,
Upon my gray nag !
I have my whip with me,
In case he should lag.
I walk him up-hill,
I trot o'er the plains,
And if he should gallop,
I'd pull on the reins.



This little pig went to market,
This little pig staid at home;
This little pig had roast-beef,
This little pig had none;
This little pig cried, “Wee, wee, wee!”
All the way home.



Maud is older than the other little girls. She is tall, and she is eight years old. She knows how to play with dolls, and make them talk so prettily.

How can dolls talk?

Oh, they do not really talk, you know. It is Maud that does the talking. She makes believe that the dolls talk, and it is very good fun. Maud can play on the piano; so you may know by that that she is quite a young lady. Janet, when you are eight years old, you will play on the piano, too, will you not? I suppose you can hardly believe that you will one day be as tall as Maud. "Look, mamma, how tall I am!"

See how tall Janet is,

And so wise and so strong!

She can tell you a story,

Or sing you a song.

On her little tiptoes,

As she stands on the floor,

She can reach to the handle,

And open the door!





Stand, baby, stand;
Give me your little hand.

One, two, three,
Baby walked to me.



Why, here I am, in bed!
I've been far, far away;
The night has turned to day.
The sun shines overhead.
I do not care so far to roam;
Thank God that I am safe at home!



THE GINGERBREAD HOUSE.

There was once a poor wood-cutter, who lived with his wife and his two children, in a little hut in the midst of a great forest. The chil-

dren were named Jack and Bessy. Now, the wood-cutter was very, very poor, and, as Jack and Bessy grew larger, they wanted more to eat; but their poor father had not food enough to give them, which made him very sad and sorry. One evening, after the children

had gone to bed, the poor wood-cutter said to his wife: "What shall we do to get bread enough for our dear little children? Winter is coming, and I am afraid they will starve."

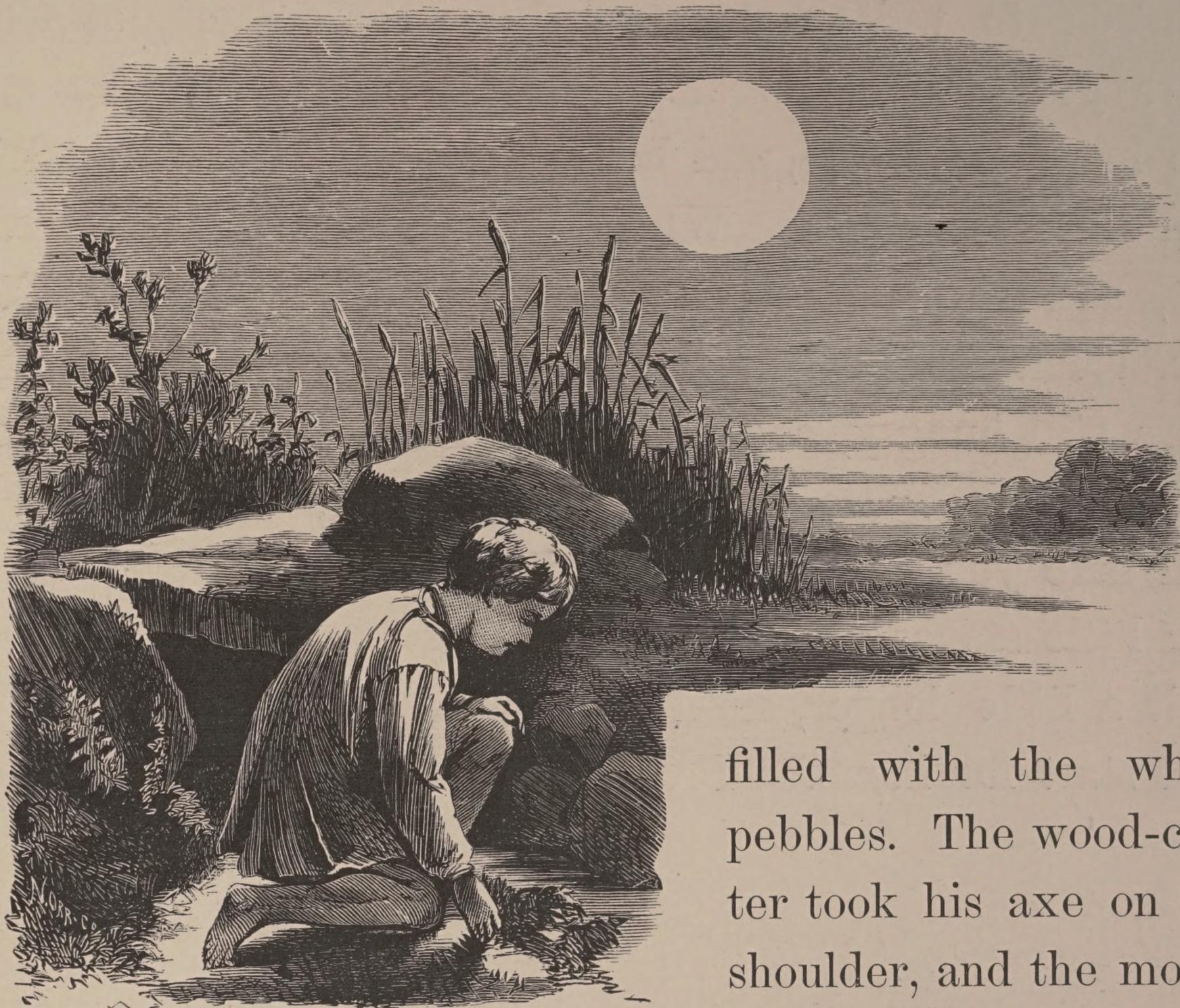
"Alas, alas!" said the poor mother, "it is too true, and we must see them die of hunger before our eyes. I think, as we can do nothing for them, we had better take them away into the forest, and leave them there; perhaps the good God who feeds the little birds will feed them, and, at any rate, we will not see them die of hunger."

"Oh, how could we do such a thing?" said the father.

"Would you rather see them die of hunger?" said the mother.

The little ones, who were too hungry to sleep, heard every word that was said, as they lay in their little bed. They both began to cry; but Jack soon began to console Bessy, saying: "Don't cry, Bessy; I know what to do to get out of this trouble." So, while his father and mother slept, he crept softly out of the hut, and filled his pockets with a quantity of white pebbles, and got into bed again. The next morning, the mother gave each of the children a piece of bread, saying, "Do not eat it all at once, my darlings, for I have no more to give you."

Bessy took care of the bread, for Jack's pockets were



filled with the white pebbles. The wood-cutter took his axe on his shoulder, and the mother, after bolting her door,

followed him, carrying a flask of water. Jack and Bessy walked last, and, just as Jack was losing sight of his home, he dropped the first stone, then another, and another, every few steps, as they went on their way. At last they came to the place where they were to stop, and the father made a great fire of dry sticks, and told the



children to wait there until they came back, as they were going to cut wood. The little ones, overcome by the heat of the fire, and being very tired, fell fast asleep, and slept for hours. When they awoke, their fire was out, and they were very hungry. They had a little bread left in Bessy's pocket, and they ate it, but they were still hungry, and poor little Bessy began to cry for her mother. "Do not cry, little sister," said Jack; "I will take you home." "But it is quite too dark to see our little stones," said Bessy. "Oh, never mind, we will wait a little longer, until the moon is up, and then we will start for home." Pretty soon, the great white moon



began to shine over the trees, and Jack and Bessy, hand-in-hand, walked gayly on, for, by the light of the moon, they could see the white stones quite plainly.

After walking a long time, they saw the roof of the cottage among the trees, and, running joyfully forward, they cried: "Here we are, dear father and mother; here we are!" The poor parents, who had been weeping all night, were full of joy at seeing them again, and kissed them and hugged them as if they never would have done.

Some time passed after this, and the poor wood-cutter worked very hard, indeed, but he could not earn bread enough to feed them all. As the children grew larger, they needed more food, and at last the parents made up their minds again to abandon their little children to the mercy of the good God. Again the little ones heard them talk of their plan, and poor little Jack thought to himself, "I know all about that." So, when his father and mother had gone to sleep, he crept to the door, to get out and fill his pockets with stones again; but what was his grief to find the door locked, so that he could not get out! Now little Bessy began to cry, but Jack said: "Do not be afraid, dear little sister; I will think of some plan, and, besides, the good God, who knows all

the paths, will lead us home." In the morning, the wood-cutter and his wife woke up the children, and said, "Come with us, dear children, for we are going to cut wood in the forest." Then the mother gave each of them a bit of bread, and they set off. Little Jack did not eat a morsel of his bread, but, making it into little balls, dropped them along the path, just as he had done with the pebbles. The father did not follow the beaten paths this time, but wandered off into the deep forest for a long, long time, until the little ones were tired, and begged to take a rest. The father then made a great fire to scare away the wolves, and, telling the children to stay there, he and the mother went off into the forest to cut wood. The little ones lay down on a soft bed of moss, under a great tree, and soon dropped asleep. When they awoke they were very hungry, and they ate the rest of their bread. "Now," said Jack, "we will start for home, and get there as soon as father and mother." So they began to look for their little white balls of bread; but alas! alas! there was not one to be found. The birds had eaten them all up; and here were the children, alone, in the great wild, trackless forest, hungry, and full of fear! They wandered about for a while, but it soon began to grow dark, for the sun had

set while they were searching for the balls of bread, and our little wanderers had nothing to do but to lie down, close to a great tree, where they soon fell asleep, and the tears dried on their little eyelids. The morning sun woke them up, and they sat up and looked about them. The ground was covered with wild-strawberry vines, so they soon had a very good breakfast, though they would have liked bread better, they were so hungry. While they were picking the strawberries, they heard the fluttering of a bird's wings near them, and, looking up, they saw a beautiful white dove, which seemed to beckon to them to follow. They ran after the dove, trying to catch it, and very soon came in sight of the most remarkable little house that was ever seen. The bird lit on the roof, and began picking it with his beak, as if it were good to eat; and well he might, for, what do you think it was made of? You would never guess, so I must tell you. The roof of the house was made of delicious soft gingerbread! The walls of the little house were made of sponge-cake, and the windows of clear lemon-candy! Now, was not that a sight for two little children that had had only a few strawberries for their breakfast? The roof on one side sloped down nearly to the ground, and Jack and Bessy each broke off a piece, and were just

beginning to eat it, when they heard a voice from the inside, saying :

"Who knocks, who knocks
at my cottage-wall?"



To which Jack answered, still munching a mouthful of gingerbread :

"'Tis only the wind, that blows over all."

At this the door opened, and an old woman came out. As soon as the children looked at her, they dropped their gingerbread, for she was a very dreadful-looking

old woman. She had a crooked back, and a long nose, and only one green eye. However, though she looked so ugly, she spoke to them in a kind, coaxing voice, and said: "I am so glad to see you, my pretty dears! I love little children; they are always welcome to my cottage—come in, come in." So saying, she hobbled in, and the children after her. Then she said, "Sit down and eat your breakfast, little darlings." On the table, which was spread with a white cloth, were two bowls of bread-and-milk, and a plate heaped up with cake and sugar-plums. The old woman said, "Help yourselves, take as much as you want;" and when they had eaten as much as they could, and began to look about them, she showed them two neat little beds, and said: "Lie down and take a nap now; you must be tired after sleeping on the hard ground." So the children lay down, and in a moment were sound asleep. Now, this old woman was not a good old woman at all, but was a very cruel and wicked old witch, who only wanted little children to come to her house, so that she might catch them and eat them. Now, Jack and Bessy were so thin, from not having enough to eat, that the old woman said to herself, "I must fatten them up a little." So she picked up Jack in her arms, and, before he was fairly awake, she had

him locked fast in a sort of cage, with bars, in which she was in the habit of keeping her poor little prisoners. She then went to the bed where little Bessy lay, and



said in a loud, cross, angry voice: "Wake up, lazy-bones! your brother is in my cage, and you must help me take care of him, and cook his food, to make him fat, for I intend to eat him soon!" Just fancy how very much

afraid little Bessy was, when she heard these dreadful words! Then the old woman made Bessy work very hard, indeed. She had to carry the water, and make the fire, and sweep the room, and make the beds. She had to knead the bread, and put it in the great oven which was by the side of the kitchen-fire, and which had an iron door large enough for a person to go in at. Very often in the day the old woman would go to the cage, to feel if Jack was fat enough to roast. Now, when she would put her long finger through the bars, to feel him, Jack would put out his knee, or his elbow; so that the old witch would say: "Why, how is this? this boy is nothing but skin and bone!" but, when little Bessy would come, Jack would whisper to her, and tell her not to be afraid, for he would get away from the old witch yet. One day the old woman told Bessy to heat the great oven, for she was to bake a large batch of bread. Now, the little white dove was a fairy, and when the old witch was looking in the oven, to see if it was hot enough, the dove whispered to little Bessy: "She intends to roast you first, and then Jack; so, when she goes to the door, push her in, and shut it quickly." This little Bessy did, and fastened the oven-door with the bolt. The old witch could do them no more harm now, so Bessy went to the

cage and let Jack out, and they were very happy, indeed. While they were hugging and kissing each other, they heard a sound of thousands of birds, and, going out of the door to see what it was, lo! and behold! the air was full of them, flying up to the roof of the cottage, and dropping something out of their bills into a nest which was on the roof. Jack climbed up on the roof, and saw that they were dropping large pearls into the nest, and singing:



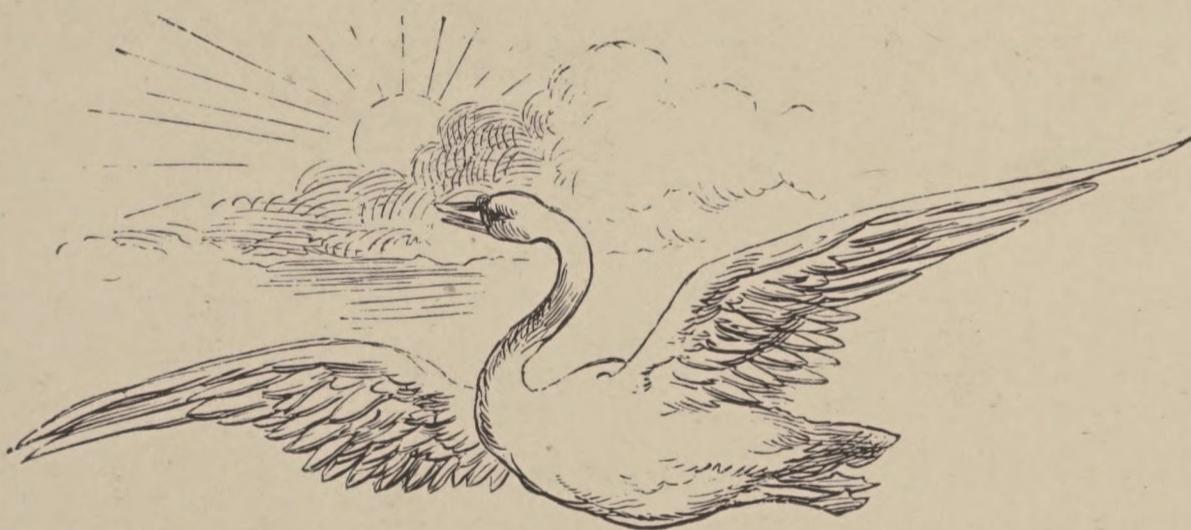
For every crumb of bread you gave,
A precious jewel you shall have.

Then the children understood that the pearls were for them, and little Bessy gathered them, until her apron was quite full. Then they started to find their way home. They walked on and on, until they came to a broad sheet of water. Just as they were wondering how they should get across, a large white swan came up to the shore, and told little Bessy to get on his back, and he would carry her first across the water, and then Jack.



So little Bessy got on the swan's back, and sailed across, then Jack followed, and they found themselves near a

path, which led them to their own home. The poor wood-cutter and his wife had never ceased to grieve, and to search for their little darlings, and to be sorry that they had left them in the wood. When they saw them coming home, looking so fat and rosy, they could hardly speak for joy. They sold the pearls, and ever after lived in great comfort, and peace, and plenty.





DR. CROW'S SCHOOL.

ONCE on a time, long, long ago,
A school was kept by Master Crow.
For birds had then the gift of speech:
Come, learn the rules he used to teach.

Open your eyes, and also your ears,
And listen to me, you little dears:
When you are awake, and begin the day,
Never, never forget to pray.

When you take your bath, and wash well with soap,
You'll not splash like a water-dog, I hope.
After breakfast, work—that's the way to thrive,
Like the little bees in the busy hive;
Not like young birds, who begin to gape
For food before they are quite awake.
Be sure and thank God before you begin ;
Then to give me a bit will be no sin.
Give the scraps to the dog, and some to the cat,
To feed the hungry—don't forget that.
There are four things to strive for, my little man :
To work as well and as fast as you can,
To fight against indolence—try to be wise,
To learn gentle manners, which all men prize ;
Take care of your clothes, but wear out your shoes—
You must run and jump, or your strength you'll lose.
If your hands and face with dirt are brown,
Folks will think you're a monkey come to town.
If you keep your hands in your pockets, I fear
We will think you're a jug without handles, my dear.
If you suck your thumb, like a little bear,
'Twill be sure to dwindle, so have a care !
Only very ill-bred folks, I suppose,
Would put their fingers into their nose.
A parrot can talk, without sense, all day ;
When you speak, you must think what you have to say.
Take off your hat, when the house you're in,
Or folks will think it grows fast to your skin.
At table, never reach out for a dish,
But modestly ask for the thing you wish.



If you eat your soup too smoking hot,
It will burn your mouth, as like as not.
You'll not be too dainty, I hope and trust;
But will eat the crumb as well as the crust.
Raise your eyes to heaven, when you drink—
You will see me do so always, I think.
To see you eat neatly, I very much wish—
Don't scour your plate, as a cat does her dish.
When you drink, never make an unpleasant noise,
Or you'll never be well-bred girls and boys.
Don't strew the table with crumbs and scraps;
If you swallow a bone, you will choke, perhaps.
To drum on the table is very rude,
Or to gobble, as if you seldom had food.
If you don't put your hand up, when you yawn,
Your neighbor will fear to be swallowed down.
With great respect you must treat the old,
And never be familiar or bold.

Keep your feet as quiet as you are able,
Or we'll think the dogs are under the table.
Do not thrust out your tongue to mock and scoff,
Or maybe the cat will bite it off.
Do not leave your seat till mamma thinks best,
But begin and finish with the rest.
When dinner is done, if you wish to be good,
Thank God, who gives you all your food.
There are proper times for you to eat;
Don't be always munching at something sweet.
The cat will not eat unless she needs food;
If you are not hungry, 'twill do you no good.
What your mother and father say, you must do,
And just because they tell you to.
God gives you each day, so use it aright,
And repent of all your faults at night.
When you're once in bed, just say good-night;
Don't talk any more—let them put out the light.

All these wise rules taught Master Crow,
When the beasts and birds could speak, you know.
The reason he's silent now, you see,
Is because we know them as well as he.



MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?

My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle-bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die ?

My mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say ?

My mother.

Who ran to help me, when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place, to make it well ?

My mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me—

My mother ?

Ah, no ! the thought I cannot bear ;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My mother.



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

"Do you think you could make me a cup of tea, Beatrice?"

"Oh, yes, dear mamma; why, I am a great girl now, and know how to make a cup of tea, of course. First, you put two great spoonfuls of tea in the teapot, and

then you pour boiling water upon it, and then you put on the cover and let it draw a little. Then I shall put two lumps of sugar in this pretty little cup, and also some of this thick cream. Then I will pour out the tea. It will be very good, you will see, mamma. Now taste it, and tell me whether it is not well made."

"Thank you very much, my darling; it is a very good cup of tea."

"Mamma, where does tea come from?"

"Tea grows in China. Do you not remember the pictures of Chinese men in your book?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, and they wore their hair in long tails that hung down their backs!"





IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

I bought me a hen, and my hen loved me;

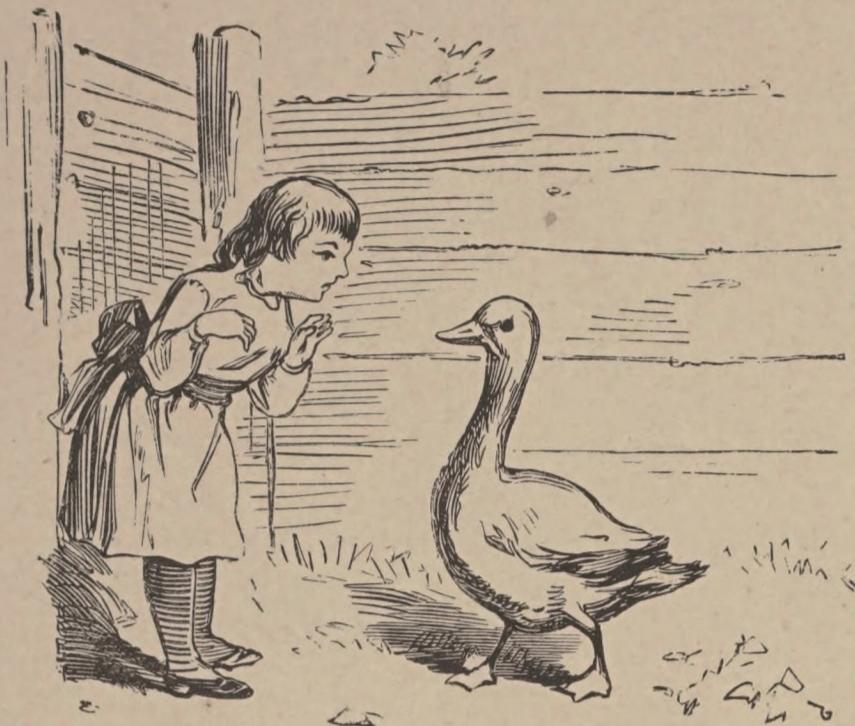
I fed my hen under a green, shady tree.

My hen cried, "Kickely-cack! kickely-cack!"

My cock cried, "Cockely-cock-coo!"

And so bless every good little child,

And little Janet, too!



I bought me a goose, and my goose
loved me;

I fed my goose under a green shady tree.

My goose cried, "Shinleyschack! shin-
leyschack!"

My duck cried, "Quack-a-quack! quack-
a-quack!"

My hen cried, "Kickely-cack! kickely-
cack!"

My cock cried, "Cockely-cock-coo!"

And so bless every good little child,
And little Mynnie, too!

A turkey I bought, and my turkey loved
me;

My turkey fed under a green shady tree.

My turkey cried, "Bobbleyjock! bobbley-
jock!"

My goose cried, "Shinleyschack! shinley-
schack!"

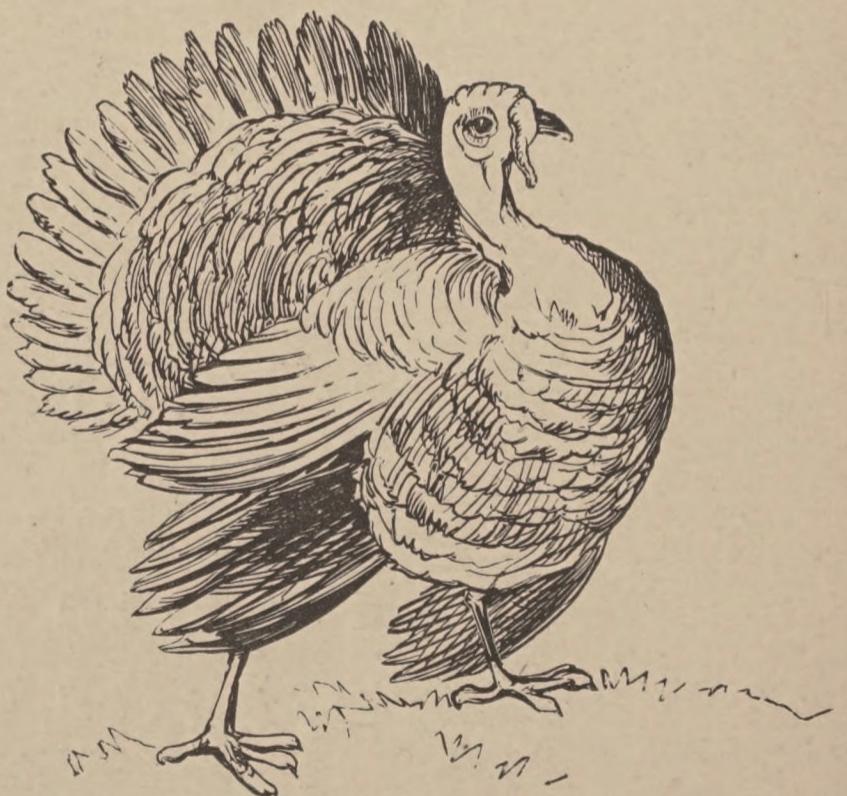
My duck cried, "Quack-a-quack! quack-a-
quack!"

My hen cried, "Kickely-cack! kickely-cack!"

My cock cried, "Cockely-cock-coo!"

And so bless every good little child,

And little Marian, too!



A very young lady,
With Susan the maid,
Who carried the baby,
Were one day afraid.

They saw a cow lying,
Quite harmless and still,
And screamed, without heeding
The man at the mill—

Who, seeing their flutter,
Said, "Cows do no harm,
But give you good butter
And milk from the farm."



Come here, my pretty pussy-cat,
Stop playing with the ball;
I've left you some good bread-and-milk,
I could not eat it all.





PUNCHINELLO.

O mamma, I must be married
To Mr. Punchinello ;
He can dance and he can sing,
He's such a pretty fellow !

P with a Pun,

C with a Chi,

N with a Nel,

L with a Lo—

O mamma, I must be married
To Mr. Punchinello.

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn!



Do not light on my finger,
You dear little fly;
If I touch your light wings,
I'm afraid you will die.



RED RIDING-HOOD.

There was once a sweet, pretty little girl, whom everybody loved, because she was so kind and gentle. She was called little Red Riding-hood, because she was so fond of wearing a little red cap that she had, that her mother used always to put it on her. Now, whenever there was anything very good at their house—

either cake, bread, or wine—Red Riding-hood used to take some to her old grandmother, who lived not very far from there, on the other side of a wood, in which their house stood.

One day Red Riding-hood's mother said to her: "My child, you must go over to your grandmother's with this cake and this bottle of wine, for she's sick in bed, and the wine will do her good. Be a good girl, and speak prettily to every one you meet. Take care that you do not break the flask of wine, for then your poor old grandmother would have none at all. And remember this, do not go off the path into the wood, for the wicked, cruel wolf lives there, and he would bite you and kill you."

Then she made the little girl neat and clean, and tied on her little red cap.

The child was glad that she was let go alone to her grandmother's, and she told her mother that she would keep the path, and not wander off into the wood.

Now, in the middle of the wood, there were plenty of beautiful flowers; and the sun shone so brightly that the wood was all lit up, and did not look dark at all. Red Riding-hood began to pick the flowers, and so she was led on from one to the other, until at last she had gone quite into the deep forest. Then, out came the old

wolf; but the dear little child did not know him at all, and thought it was only an old dog; and she was not afraid at all, because the wolf put on such a good-natured face, that no one could have imagined that he was such a horrid, fierce, cruel, greedy beast as he really was.



The wolf said : "Good-morning, Red Riding-hood. Where are you going, so early?"

The child answered: "Good-morning to you. I am going to my grandmother's, for she is sick in bed, and

must have this cake and wine, to make her well again. Here they are, under my apron." So saying, she pulled her apron aside and showed them to him.

"Where does your grandmother live, Red Riding-hood?" said the wolf.

"Don't you know?" said the child. "She lives just over yonder, in the other side of the wood, in a little brown house under three oak-trees. There is a hedge of hazel-bushes round the garden, and my grandmother gives me all the nuts."

"Give my love to your grandmother when you get there," said the wolf. "Pick her a fine bunch of flowers, for the bigger it is the better she will like it."

Then the child went on, picking the flowers, and the wolf hurried away. He would gladly have devoured her then and there, but he knew very well that a hunter was not far off, so he thought he would eat up the grandmother first.

"It will not be long before I have my breakfast," said the hungry wolf to himself; and the next minute he was at the grandmother's house, knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" said she.

"It is I, grandmother, your own little Red Riding-hood, bringing you some cake and wine," said the wolf.

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," said the grandmother. Thus the wolf knew how to open the door, and in he went. When he saw that no one else was there, he rushed up to the old woman's bed, and devoured her in a moment. In fact, he was so big and so hungry, that he swallowed the little old woman down whole!

This did not half satisfy his hunger, and he determined to eat the little girl too. So he wrapped himself up in the grandmother's bed-clothes, and pulled her cap



well down over his face, and lay all covered up in the bed. He also drew the curtains of the bed together, so that he could hardly be seen at all.

Pretty soon, dear little Red Riding-hood came in with her cake and wine, and her great bunch of flowers. She went up to the bed, and drew back the curtain, and looked very much surprised.



"Grandmother," said she, "what great eyes you've got!"

"Those are all the better to see you with, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what great ears you've got!"

"So much the better to hear you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what large hands you've got!"

"So much the better to hold you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what a great mouth you've got!"

"So much the better to eat you with, my dear!" and with that the wicked wolf sprang up and swallowed down the dear little girl, just as he had the grandmother.

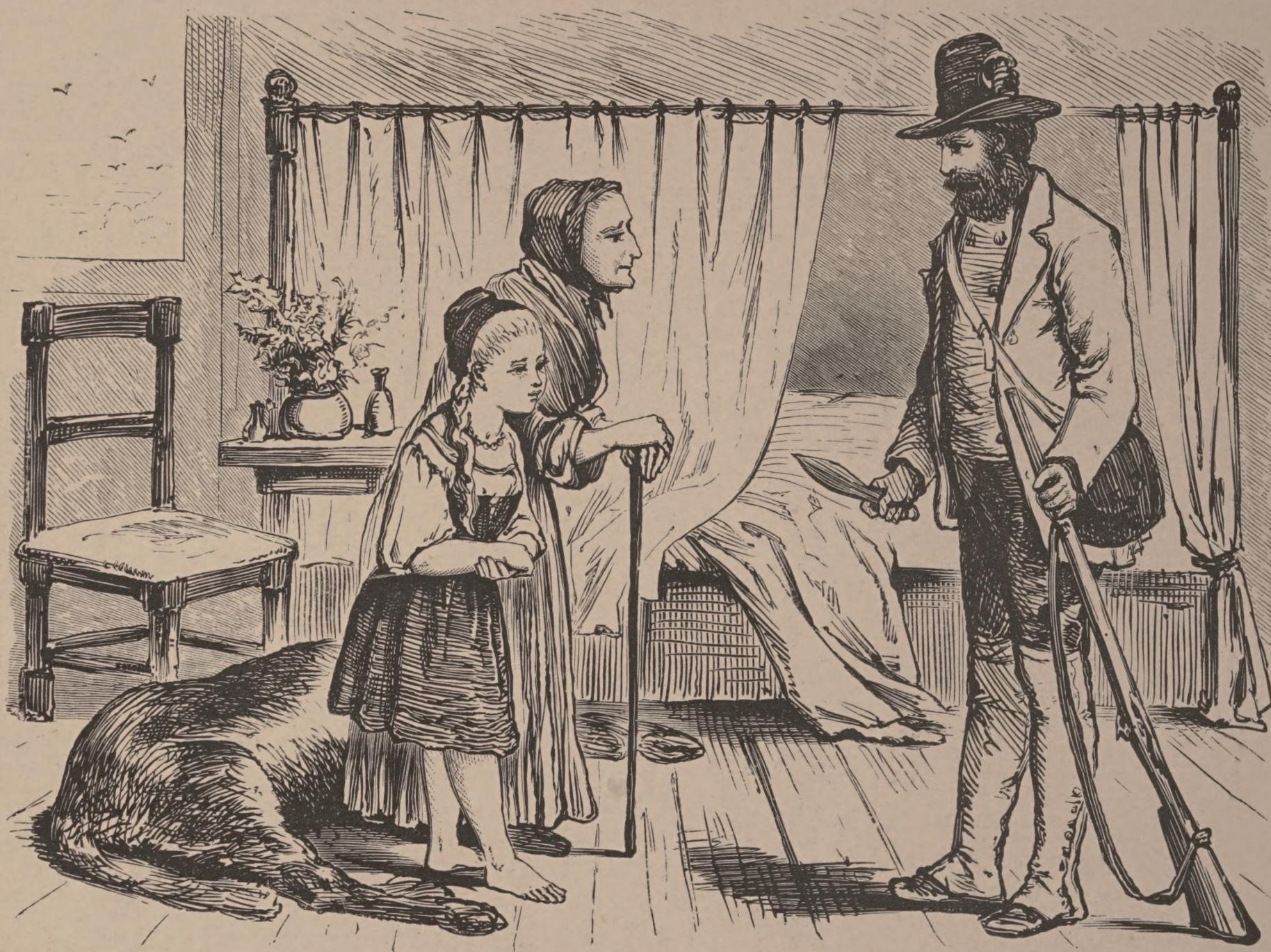
Then he laid himself down in the bed and went to sleep, and snored so loudly that it was dreadful to hear him.

Just then the hunter came past, and, seeing the door open, and hearing the loud snoring, said: "What is that? I must go in a little way, and see."



Now, when he saw the old wolf in the bed, and the grandmother nowhere to be seen, the good hunter knew that she must have been devoured by this greedy beast. He did not care to shoot the wolf, for he thought to himself that maybe the old woman was still alive. So he took his hunting-knife, and

ripped up the old wolf's great paunch, and lo and behold! out stepped little Red Riding-hood, saying: "Oh, how glad I am to get out! It was very dark and uncomfortable in there." Then the hunter helped the old grand-



mother out, too. Then all three of them were very jolly. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine, and the hunter took some too, and so did the little girl.

The hunter took off the wolf's skin, which was so

large and fine that he sold it for a handful of silver dollars.

As for little Red Riding-hood, what she said was, "I will never disobey my mother again as long as I live."



GOD SEES EVERYWHERE.

There were once a little brother and sister named George and Elsie. One day they were left alone in the house, while their parents were working in the fields. They each had a great piece of bread to eat, enough to satisfy their hunger till their mother came home, but, after George had eaten his, he wanted more, and complained that he was hungry still. Elsie gave him some of her bread, but still he was not satisfied, and said, in a coaxing tone, to Elsie: "Suppose we go and get some of the sweetmeats that mother keeps in the closet? There is a whole jar of gooseberry-jam. She will not see us, and no one will know anything about it." But Elsie answered: "That would be very wrong, indeed, George, to do that; and, besides, don't you see how the sun is shining into the closet? God makes the sun to shine, and so, of course, He can see us if the sun can."



Then naughty little George said: "Well, then, let us go up to the garret, where mother keeps those nice pears that came off our tree. We will eat some, and no one can see us, because there are no windows in the garret, and so, of course, the sun cannot see us there."

Now, Elsie was a very little girl, and very fond of pears, and so she was tempted just to go and look; but, when they got to the top of the garret-stairs, what should they see but a bright ray of sunshine, which came through a little crack in the roof, and shone down on the pears! At this, Elsie and George turned about and came down the garret-stairs at once. George thought for a while, and then he said: "I know what I will do. Mother keeps a pot of cream in the cellar; let us go down there and get some. It is quite dark there, and we cannot be seen at all." So George drew little Elsie along, saying: "Come, quick, there is no danger at all; no one can see us." When they got to the cellar, George shut the door, and then looked carefully about. But, even in the dark cellar, a little ray of light found its way in, and Elsie said: "O George, see! the sun can even peep in here, and shine on the cream-pot. Let us go away, and be good children." So she went up the stairs, but George staid in the cellar to eat the cream, but first he care-

fully stopped up the chink where the light came through with a little wisp of hay; then he sat down to enjoy his stolen feast. Suddenly, he heard a loud noise, and there, coming out of a corner of the cellar, was a great, ugly thing, with eyes that gleamed like fire! George was so frightened that he could not move hand or foot, and, as he watched the thing with fiery eyes, he fancied it was an old woman with a pointed hat on her head. Now, Elsie was very happy all this while, for a beautiful carriage had driven past the door, and stopped; and a lovely lady got out, and came and asked Elsie to give the little girl whom she had by the hand a drink of water. Then the sweet little girl talked to Elsie, and, when she found out that Elsie had no doll, she told her that she would come again and see her, and bring her a dolly, and a whole basketful of toys. Elsie was so pleased at this that she could hardly wait till her mother came, to tell her that she was sure the little girl must be an



angel, she was so kind and sweet. When her mother came in, and asked after George, Elsie suddenly remembered where she had left him, and they both went down to the cellar to find him. When they opened the cellar-door, George gave a loud scream, and a great, angry black cat rushed past them. This is what the naughty little boy had seen, and what his guilty conscience had turned into something terrible. His mother punished him as he deserved, and he never forgot the fright he had in the dark cellar.

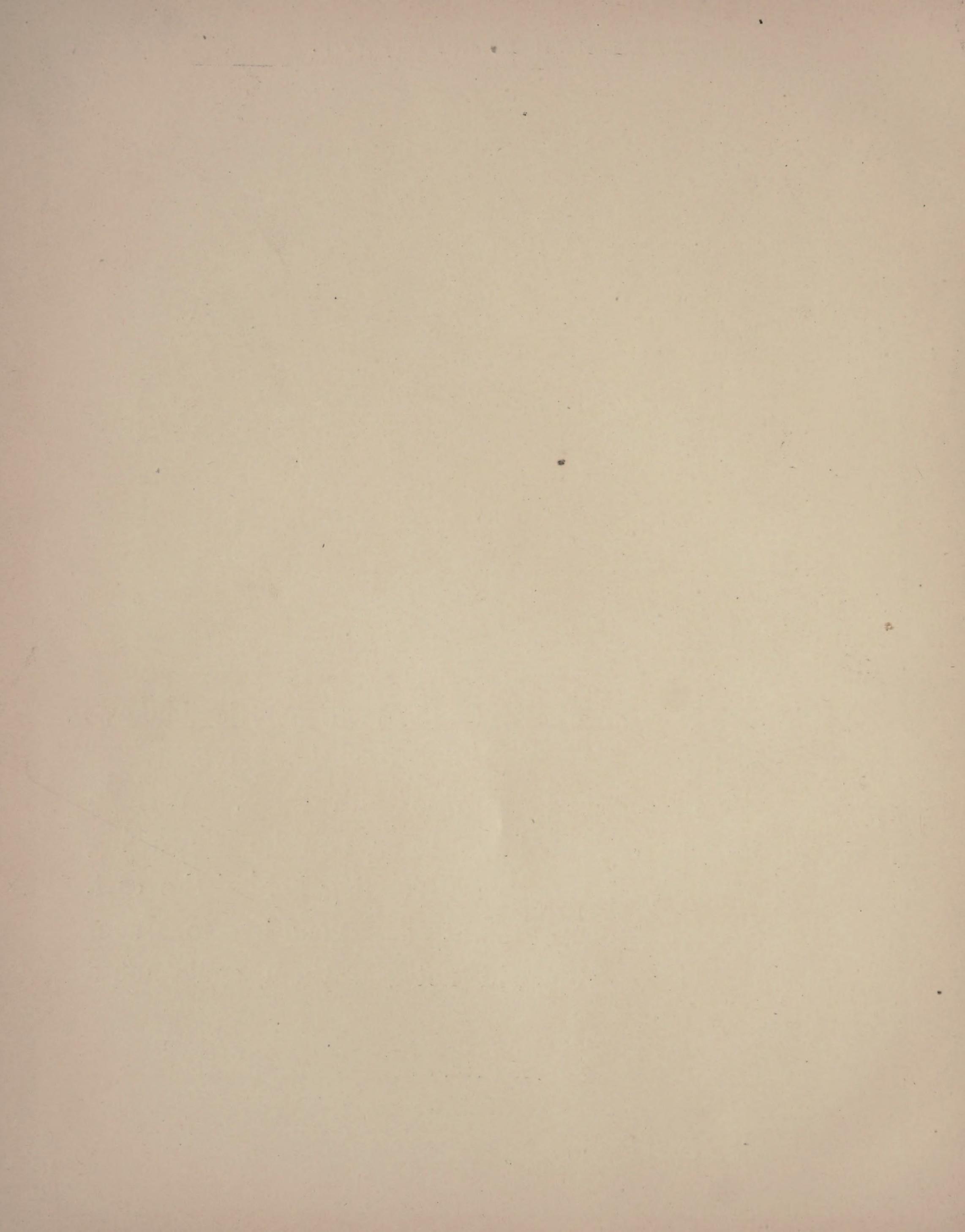
He made up his mind, then and there, that it was better to be open and honest, and to remember that God could not only see him, but could protect him, in every place, if he did what was right. He grew up to be a good, honest man, and everybody trusted him and loved him.





Janet and her brother Wynn have a little donkey-cart, and, as this is a lovely, bright day, they have invited two of their little friends to ride with them. Wynn is driving, for he can hold the reins, now he is growing such a great boy. His dogs are running behind the cart. Before they drive out of sight, say good-by to Janet and her friends, for you will not see them again for a long time.

THE END.





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